THE AUDIENCE AT "ELEKTRA"

SCENES AT THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE STRAUSS OPERA.

Shirtwaist and Paris Dinner Gown Side by Side—Frivolity Put Aside—Effects of the Opera on Its Hearers Observed—The Hammerstein View of It.

The first performance of "Elektra" is scheduled for 8:30. Long before that hour the crowds begin to gather. The usual wormlike length of cabs and carriages winds along obedient to traffic regulations and a swarm of dun coated men and boys bark librettos and orchestra chairs in your unwilling ears.

You compare these crowds with those who came to hear "Salome" on the first night. There was much chatter then, and jests in regard to the expected revelations were punctuating the winter air. There were fewer musical connoisseurs and more curiosity seekers.

The great German population of the city is present in generous numbers, whole families of two and three generations filling the elevators or climbing the steep stairways to the upper gallery. The Italian contingent supplements these, and there is much gesture and much altercation in regard to the respective merits of the Strauss and other schools, for at the moment, as with the wife who classifies the world into John and the rest, there is only the one great composer's work and the work of his contemporaries and predecessors.

Through the tiny box of the Hammerstein office the regulars seek the inner door—fur coated foreigners who touch their throats forgetfully and significantly, the sure enough mark of the musical celebrity who if he hears there is an earthquake in Venice, a tidal wave in Japan or a Seine overflow grasps his vocal chords immediately to make sure that at any rate they are safe in the midst of general disaster.

Elaborately dressed members of the operatic staff seek the more fashionable entrance and the boxes set aside for their use. These feminine faces, accustomed behind the footlights to express every varying shade of emotion, are now carefully concealing the opinions already formed, which you may be sure no tremendous outburst of applause, no mark of wearied contempt, whichever may come, will avail to change. All the musical first nighters are present, and that dinner hours have been put ahead or the dinners themselves hurried through is evident, for it is a significant fact that not one interruption broke into the flattering stillness that met the rise of the curtain and continued till its fall. Nor did a suburbanite rise to catch an outgoing train.

There is a varied assembly as noted from the foyer, where the faces of the cast of "Elektra" are exhibited in rows of photographs and a new water color of Tetrazzini gazes in pink and white prettiness at the tragic lineaments of Mme. Mazarin, her vis-à-vis; the contrast in the pictures is as great as in their divergent paths of endeavor.

There are many women in evening gowns whose décolleté throats are held viselike by heavy dog collars of diamonds or pearls; there are coroneted coiffures shining here and there, ermine and sable coats down dropping carelessly on the fauteuils of grand tier boxes.

MME. MAZARIN AS ELEKTRA.

The line of opera boredom, the new wrinkle which has developed since the beginning of the operatic rivalry, is less evident than ordinarily on masculine brows, and the tired business men have apparently without too strenuous opposition given up for the evening the front row of "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Dollar Princess" and other balancers of brainfag.

Side by side with the gayly attired holders of orchestra tickets are business and professional women who have been too occupied by the day's strenuous duties to change their clothes and many a shirtwaist is seen touching lightly the golden net of a Parisian dinner gown. Men too accept the easy regulation of American custom and a few business suits are seen dotted among the dinner coats and evening dress.

Taken as a whole it is not so smart and swagger an audience as gathered to hear "Salome," but it is in many particulars more interesting. The people who came to hear and see "Elektra" are not moved by a curious impulse to witness a curious dance, gracefully portrayed and amazingly orchestrated, nor by the obvious sex impulse. The interest if morbid is musically morbid, which is more interesting and less commonplace.

There is no frivolous chatter in the foyer nor do friends meeting stop and delay the impatient throng behind. The story of "Elektra" has been too well advertised for any one to be ignorant of its episodes and already, almost as soon as the line of carriage attendants and barkers has been passed, people are bracing themselves for the nerve wrack, for the abnormal sensations and the attendant reaction of irritation. You overhear one woman say to another, a word thrown hurriedly in passing:

"The secret of the Strauss horror is that there is no curtain. Just when you get to a point where if it dropped you'd be all right and could get your wind for a second tryout the thing goes right on until you're all to pieces, you know. It's like running a race after you've lost your wind."

A blood red curtain slowly rises to disclose the masonry of the inner court of the palace of *King Agamemnon*. The walls themselves have blood red shadows and the door is a mottled green; as if by age or mildew. In its centre are two small heads, facing outward with meaning eyes. Above is a blue green sky, a mere strip that never changes, implacable and hostile as the walls of the palace.

There are places where the color of the masonry changes to rusty brown and this in turn to black; deep corners in shadow these, which seem to hold crouching things, unhuman animals brooding and waiting for the tragedy with whose prescience the air is filled. Through the half opened door now you catch glimpses of blood red inner walls, and when the thin curtains are drawn before the windows, curtains with strange arabesqued designs thereon, red light shines through with dim, sinister meaning. Above and to the right, like steps on an unseen ladder, are barred openings crossed at the tops with single iron pieces.

Later you will see these windows made distinct by torches held against them and the sides of the rooms but scarlet stains. There will be bearded faces and ruthless hands and a glimpse first at one set of bars, then at the second; then at the last of another face lost to all human semblance by the terror that convulses it, and you will hear the screams of *Ægisthus* paralleled by orchestral shrieks, as a moment before were those of *Klytemnestra*.

At the right of the stage centre a flight of steps leads to a well, and all through the mad evening a water jar rests on the top left by the careless hand of a passing maid. It is the one simple, sane thing, animate or inanimate, that the scene discloses. It seems to symbolize the return to the normal and to promise that the next day, in spite of the murders, the corpses of the slain, the sun will shine and the water wash away the blood spots on floors and walls; that in the hand of some singing maid it will be let down again and again into the well, to rise anew dripping with pure crystal drops of reviving cleanliness.

The maid who leaves the jar is one of many. They are filleted with garlands and their garments are multicolored, lightening for a moment the drear walls with splashes of warmth as they move quickly to and fro, their faces like the faces of all crowds that have been witnesses of similar tragedies; expressionless, vague, curious, powerless puppets moved by unseen strings. You forget that they are mere girls, women and men trained by arduous practice in their rôles. In the auditorium there is darkness, flecked by scarlet gleams. Now and then through the two hours of unbroken tragedy the faces of those in the orchestra turn gratefully to a refreshing breeze that blows softly across heated brows and tense features. Once or twice, as if a heavier wind had blown, rows of sitters in the boxes topple forward, like the heads of a field of grain, for *Elektra* is then crouching in some dark corner, furtively digging for an axe, and she is for the moment out of the line of vision. You do not await her return, you go with her.

There is no welcoming applause when she first appears. She comes slowly forward through the mouldy door, with its blotch of scarlet behind. Her robe is russet and in some lights a deep mauve. Her hair is tangled and wild, her sandalled feet slipping and sliding. But her arms!

Were the arms of the original *Elektra*, you wonder, as terrible as these; more than the face, more than the rent robe, more than the dismayed eyes and the pale, wan face expressive. Sometimes they seem to beckon. Sometimes they are entwined about the sister, *Chrysothemis* or the brother, *Orestes* as she pleads and urges and props their weakness to her will to avenge the murder of their father. Sometimes they are quiescent as she sits in the shadow of the palace steps brooding on the mysteries that are to be.

Once a girl near by, a fluffy girl with a rose pink voice, says audibly that *Orestes* looks like Raymond Duncan. He does, and you are grateful for the obvious description. It relieves a tension that has become almost insupportable. You are not nearly so grateful when a woman gives a hysterical laugh a little later ending in a gasp and a stifled scream.

Ægisthus is on the threshold. He is a handsome figure, with the auburn hair and the look of youth and strength; but there is in his voice something that causes *Elektra's* hands clawlike to clutch again the torch and wave it toward him menacingly, while after his question, "How comes it all is dark; and who are these people?" there is a frenzied second of applause that sweeps once over the auditorium and a more frenzied "Sh-sh." All is silence again. There is a streak of sinister green that darts like an uncoiling serpent across the blood red masonry of the palace walls and the orchestra is playing the scarlet motif again.

Then the dance of the Bacchanal, a mad whirl forward and backward, a movement of the hips and shoulders, but the head always still and the staring eyes looking through and beyond an auditorium so silent that you might believe the pictured tragedy real.

The dance grows wilder and madder and more disturbing. It is a whirl now, and the light glares on the white shoulders of beautiful women in the boxes above, on the strained hands of the musicians, on *Elektra's* own face with its scared eyes, her torn gown, her matted hair and pale face. You remember the night of *Salome's* dance of the seven veils. It too had its silent lookerson, its Strauss music and its railbirds peering over the nearby shoulders, but there was no such silence, no tragic sense in the air as now.

There is a splotch of russet color at the centre of the stage. The torch has died out. A wave of white shoulders topples snow across the rim of the boxes. The serpent of green light creeps across the silent splotch, and a deep mauve mingles at the edges of the blot. There is nothing else to notice, no tremor of the form, no last convulsion The orchestra is rioting in a prolonged death shrill and another hysterical woman stifles a scream.

It is a relief when all is over to meet the unsubtle and ever committal impresario paddling his own canoe in the backwaters of the Manhattam Opera House. He chats briefly, not merely as a guarantee of good faith but for publication purposes. He has spent $18,000 for the rights of "Elektra" and he will not deny the public their rights at advertised rates. He has talked of art in the past, art in capitals, and he talks on the same subject now, but refers to her younger sisters, public purse and future policy.

He has, as he says, plunged like a gentlemanly sport. The rules of the union deny the right to hold more than one orchestral rehearsal a day, and the two months of "Elektra" preliminaries have been conducted under tremendous difficulties. He is not elated by the first night triumph. He is watchful and refuses to prophesy although the famous hat brim is tilted at a psychic angle.

THE COMING OF THE FIRST NIGHTERS.

ELEKTRA AND ORESTES.

SILHOUTTES OF THE RAIL.

"MADE ON A SHOESTRING"

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT A NECESSARY ARTICLE.

Why Some Shoestrings Are Too Long and Some Turn Brown—The Secure Knot—Profits in Their Manufacture and Sale—Mark of the Good Shoestring.

"About as long as a string" is an indefinite expression unless it refers to a shoestring. A shoestring is six-fourths long when you do not specify the length required. Further research would most likely answer the question six-fourths of what?

When a man buys a new pair of shoes the strings in them are just long enough. When he buys the next pair of shoestrings they are too long. The strings that come with the shoes are four-fourths long; the next pair will be six-fourths unless you ask for and can get four-fourths. These lengths have to do with men's high shoes. There is not the same trouble as to low shoes.

Some shoestrings are very strong and will wear a long time, but they will turn brown. Others will not wear so long, but they will retain their original blackness. The strong strings that turn brown are of linen or very strong cotton. The others are of mixed fibres that hold their color.

Many persons prefer the less durable shoestring, not only because it holds its its color but because, being of a less hard fibre, it stays tied better than the other. A few of the millions of shoestring wearers know how to tie a bow-knot that won't come untied. The method can be explained without a diagram.

Instead of tucking the bow once over before drawing the knot tight, tuck it twice over. A fiddes tring used for a shoe lace would not come untied if the knot were made in that way. This knot can be untied in the same way as the other, by pulling at the ends.

The hoo ks above the eyelets were a very profitable invention, but not for the inventor, the shoe manufacturer or the consumer. The story of that invention has been printed many times. If it were not fairly accurate it would have been contradicted.

The story has it that the hook was devised by a man somewhere in the West and that the idea was sold for a song to a travelling salesman who happened to come along. Various versions of the story give the amount paid as from $50 to $150. The story says that the salesman patented the device and that for a few years after its introduction and before the patent ran out the profit from it was about $80,000 a year.

The invention was unprofitable for manufacturers of shoes, because all had to use it, none could charge more for their shoes with it than without it, and it did not increase the demand for shoes. It added to the cost of their output the amount of their royalties and it brought no return.

A man patented a hook to be used as the last at the top of the shoe, which did away with the knot in the shoestring. It was like the jam cleat for fastening small lines on sailing canoes and the string would never slip, but manufacturers would not adopt it. They said that if one used it all would have to use it and it would add a little to the cost of every pair of shoes with no return.

The hook that was adopted was unprofitable for the consumer because his shoestrings wore out faster after it was introduced, but if his time was valuable there was compensation because it was a time saver. The salesman of the story and the shoestring makers reaped the harvest from the invention.

It was not long ago that high top shoes were invariably laced fishbone fashion all the way up. Then came the over and over lacing from the eyelets nearest the toe to the hooks, with the fishbone lacing from hook to hook. A later device was to lace over and over to within two eyelets of the hooks and begin the fishbone lacing there, because the latter is more easily opened than the former.

A few young men who have prided themselves on their display of footgear, wearing fancy hose with low cut shoes and trousers turned up, have affected lacing their shoes with broad laces from the top of the shoe downward and making the bow at the point nearest the toe.

There are many merchants of wealth who started out in business peddling shoestrings. Perhaps one of them is the Polish boy who came to this country at the age of 14 and two years later met an acquaintance who asked him how he was getting along. He replied that he was doing well; had a business of his own now. Where? Broadway and Tenth street. Good location; what line? Selling shoestrings on the sidewalk.

There is one way for the unknowing to tell a good shoestring, as there is a way for the uninformed to tell a good summer shirt. In the case of the shirt look at the buttons; if they're good the shirt is good. Look at the tips of the shoestrings. The best have twisted wire tips that do not pull off.

There is almost a drug store profit in shoestrings. Your cobbler charges five cents a pair for a rather poor quality. The boy shoestring pedler charges 10 cents for a dozen pairs. The price of the same goods at wholesale is 65 cents for a gross pairs.

So the cobbler realizes a profit of $6.55 on an investment of 65 cents. The drug store man sells gasolene that costs about 10 cents a gallon for $7.20 a gallon, which is a somewhat larger profit. The boy pedler of shoestrings gets only 55 cents profit on his gross of pairs at 65 cents a gross, but that is more than the interest allowed by savings banks.

CHILDREN'S GAMES UNALTERED

Favorites To-day Were Also Favorites Hundreds of Years Ago With Little Folks.

From the Kansas City Times.

Youngsters grow up, develop and alter, but their games, the frivolities of school yards, street corners and vacant lots, are unchangeable.

A man who knows kids has investigated. He romped with half a dozen little bundles of buskiness in his neighborhood yesterday, parrying both shocks to dignity and loss of breath. He vouches for the statement that little folks' games never change. Further he reports as follows:

"The games are precisely the same as when I was small and robust, only maybe a little more rough and tumble. 'Technicalities' haven't changed a bit.

"'Hide and go seek'—why, I understand they played it years and years ago in England just as I played it and the way the children play it now. Some one is 'it' and everybody else scrambles away to hide, and then after 'it' has counted fifty or sixty or a hundred everybody is anxious to touch 'its' base before 'it' does. Of course you remember that whoever is caught first has to be 'it' the next time.

"And 'Pussy Wants a Corner,' where 'pussy' or 'it' again tries to slip into a corner while one boy or girl is changing places with another. Not a fractional change can be found in it. And 'London Bridge Is Falling Down,' where some one is caught by the bridgeholders and has to pay a penalty or choose to support one of the halves of the bridge in the tug of war that finally results. Can you find any alteration?

"And all of the varieties of 'tag'—wood, iron, grass or paper 'tag'—how could it be supplemented to make it any more enjoyable? And 'Run, Sheep, Run'—you remember it, of course, don't you? And 'Cheese,' another sort of 'Hide and Seek,' where you can run only while 'it' is counting ten and holding 'its' eyes shut. And 'King, King Calico,' another abridgement of 'tag' in which the little folks try to run across the street before 'it' tags 'em. And 'Saratoga,' or 'Guess,' or 'New York,' as it used to be called when I played it, with the procedure all the same: One 'side' illustrates some process, as picking cherries, for instance, and the other side guesses what they're doing. And as soon as they guess they rush to tag members of the other side and include them in their party. Of course you know all about it. Didn't you play it the same way twenty, thirty years ago?

"Grownups have to abridge and revise their games and sports every year to keep up interest. They're jaded and satiated, but the kids are more consistent and more simply satisfied. They like their games and there are enough of them for variety."

Elk for Big Horn Mountains.

Sheridan correspondence Denver Republican.

The Sheridan Rod and Gun club has received notice from State Game Warden Nowlin that within a week he will ship thirty-three young elk from St. Anthony, Idaho, to the club here, and the club must arrange to have the animals liberated in the Big Horn Mountains southwest of Sheridan.

These elk were captured in the Jackson Hole country, in accordance with an agreement between the Sheridan club and the game warden looking to the restocking of the Big Horn Mountains with elk.

A Palmetto State Champion.

From the Spartanburg Journal.

H C. McHugh is the champion bird killer of the Reidville section of the county. This morning he went out for a hunt through his fields and killed ten partridges at one shot.

FESTA AGAINST SWEARING.

An Impressive Service in Florence and an Anti-Climax.

FLORENCE, Jan. 28.—The festa against swearing was what our Florentine friend called it, and as she declared emphatically that not one of the ceremonies during the year in the Duomo surpassed the picturesqueness of the procession we should see and that the impressive character of the hymn sung in finale by the assembled people was something to remember, we were not slow to follow her advice and betook ourselves early to the cathedral that we might find good places.

In explanation of this unique festa be it known that Tuscany, with its ostensibly mild mannered, tranquil natives, is a very hotbed of blasphemy. And as for Florence! Well, swearing is as easy to the Florentine tongue as the letter C is hard! The mystery of such a connection cannot be divulged, but certain it is that the Tuscan who calls his "case" a "hasa" can with inconceivable readiness open his mouth and without apparent provocation pour forth such a volley of oaths as will make a pious Neapolitan turn pale with fright.

That Cardinal Archbishop who in the last century instituted this special service against swearing may have been from Naples. As I heard the story this good prelate, coming from some diocese where the sins were of less obtrusive character was very properly and appropriately horrified the first time he heard a real Tuscan oath. He may have encountered it at the station, for the fachini there are famous for their facility in such matters; then too there is a cab stand just under the windows of the Episcopal palace, where much fluency is displayed in handling saints' names which should be sacred to invocation.

There are a few other sins lying around loose in Italy upon which the coarse minded Anglo-Saxon looks with less leniency than he does liquid Italian oaths, but whether the devout prince of the Church was more familiar with their aspect or less shocked by their nature, he plainly considered none of those at home in Florence either sufficiently bold or sufficiently picturesque to warrant the ceremony he instituted in their behalf.

Being evidently a personage of great taste he ordained and planned an artistic procession and benediction to be held each year on a Sunday in January, in the Duomo. It has been going on ever since his time. So, unfortunately, has the swearing.

We arrived when the vespers were but half over and the people had but just begun to gather within the Duomo. We got chairs from the lad who attends to such matters, paid the two soldi he demanded, and following the example of our immediate neighbors mounted on the rush seats and peered through the glass screen which tops the wall surrounding the circular choir.

The great altar was ablaze with candles, but not one tawdry ornament or flimsy paper flower insulted the beauty of the marble and gold. Within the choir my eye revelled in the artistic scene.

Overhead was the vast dim dome, the acolytes in their black lace covered garments passed back and forth from their places to hold open the splendid cinquecento books of office on the equally ancient reading desk, turning the gorgeously illuminated pages as the red robed choristers intoned the text. Just under my special pane of glass an old canon dozed in his seat. He wore a white fur cape with a purple hood, a touch of delicious color.

At length all the genuflections, the waving of censors and the chanting came to an end. The choristers who had been serenely singing in B flat minor while the organ boomed forth in C sharp major ceased from their labors. Lighted candles were given all within the choir circle and the Cardinal Archbishop arrived.

Borne before him was the great banner of his see, which waited at the entrance to the choir until mounted on the steps of his throne, more splendid vestments were substituted for his long scarlet mantle, and having taken from its tabernacle the splendid jewelled remonstrance with the host, encircled by the clergy of the cathedral, preceded by the great white standard crossed with crimson and sheltered by a canopy of softest tinted golden silk, he headed the procession. Following him came all the religious guilds of Florence, whose members, clad in white, bore torch-like candles, and defiling two by two from the sacristy door through the choir passed down a lane formed in the black, silent swaying crowd which filled the great dark body of the church.

On they moved, calling more or less musically on the Virgin and all the saints to pray for the presumptuous, blasphemous Florentines who should take these names in vain; a glittering river of light, flowing down the nave, then streaming from east to west, around the entire great Duomo, until it rolled a flickering flood back again to the entrance of the choir.

Here all the hundreds of flaring candles seemed to group themselves into one solid body of sparkling light, while the benediction went on within the choir. The "Tantum Ergo" of Palestrina added to the perfection of this whole service. The Duomo does not often echo with such good singing.

When the service of the benediction was ended an Italian hymn, simple in melody, sung by choirs and people, rose and swelled through the purple mists floating about the soaring arches to where the rich colors of the painted windows were made faintly visible by the last strong light of the sunset hour. The guilds with their lighted candles waited until the Cardinal had retired with the clergy, then marched out by the sacristy, as they had come, the song growing fainter and fainter as they departed, until at last only the lights on the high altar and the murmur of the departing congregation were left.

As the signora had said, a more solemn and impressive function is rarely seen here. There was no disturbing tawdriness of crude silk banners or beribboned emblems. Each guild was headed by a plain brown wooden cross hung with the symbols of the Saviour's passion; there were present no coarse faced monks or irreverent choir boys. Truly the institutor of the festa against swearing was a man of taste.

I regret to be forced to add an anti-climax, but it is, alas, a fact that not five minutes after we left the door of the Duomo we came upon a cabman and a tram conductor who were playing fast and loose with San Giovanni, San Zenobi and several other especially valued Florentine saints. It was too terrible!

WOMEN AS GOVERNMENT SPIES.

Stealing Naval Plans—Obtaining Smokeless Powder Formula.

From Tit-Bits.

It may be remembered that a short time ago some valuable Admiralty plans disappeared from Chatham. Mr. McKenna, the First Lord of the Admiralty, admitted that they had been stolen, but a mystery surrounded their disappearance. It is now suggested that a well known international woman spy, who is ever ready to sell her services to the highest bidder, be it the Russian, German or French Government, was responsible for the disappearance of those plans. It is known that she was in this country for some weeks prior to the incident and it is supposed that during that time she engineered the plot which resulted in the vanishing of the important papers.

Whatever truth there may be in the story, it is a very feasible one, for it is usually women who prove the most successful spies. "When it comes to trickery and cunning," said a well known detective to the writer on one occasion, "there is no match for a clever woman. If she is pretty into the bargain I would back her to beat the cleverest men at Scotland Yard nine times out of ten." And judging from the success of women in secret service work it would seem that the tribute is in no way exaggerated.

It is only a short time ago that a beautiful and fashionably dressed teacher of languages, Fraulein Petersen, about 25 years of age, was arrested at Kiel, in Germany, on suspicion of being a French spy. She was said to have entered into a love affair deliberately with a non-commissioned officer named Pietrich of the explosives department for the purpose of inducing him to divulge important German naval secrets.

Dietrich, flattered by the attentions of such a beautiful woman, could deny her nothing, and at the time of the arrest was said to have been supplying her with the formula for the manufacture of the German smokeless powder (one of the most effective yet invented) and the situation of the port mines. To disguise her true occupation she posed as a teacher of languages. Suspicion was directed against her on account of the ample funds with which she was always provided and of her fear of giving the police the customary notice of her frequent changes of address.

In Russia, where the secret service is raised to the level of a fine art, the woman spy is recognized as an extremely valuable medium for obtaining information, not only about foreign matters but also concerning the various revolutionary movements going on at home. One of the most notorious of these feminine police spies is Mme. Joutchenko, who has been described as a female Azeff.

This person, posing as one of the Terrorists, took part in their enterprises, and discovering all their plans gave information to the police. For this work she obtained a handsome monthly salary. She began her nefarious trade at the age of 23, and her first big coup was when she betrayed the Respontine plot against the Czar in 1895. Scores of those who had trusted her went into exile in Siberia on the plot being discovered.

She herself, to disarm suspicion, was sent away also, but was allowed to escape and rejoin the revolutionists in order to obtain more information. One of her victims was a handsome girl named Frania Froumkin, who was sent to the gallows after an abortive attempt to kill the prefect of Moscow. The arch traitress wormed herself into the confidence of families, with the result that numbers of persons were banished to Siberia.

Quite recently the French Government caused a large number of German women employed on the eastern frontier as barmaids to be expelled from the country. These women had been watched and found to be in the pay of German spies, to whom they gave the information that they acquired from listening to the conservation of drunken soldiers in the taverns.

A more serious affair was that at Reims. Seven men and three women alleged to be paid agents of the German War Office were arrested. The three women were in the habit, it was said, of making the acquaintance of soldiers and wheedling military secrets out of them, which information they passed on to the men. Compromising correspondence was found at their lodgings and seemed to reveal wholesale espionage by the women. As a matter of fact the arrest of these men and women is said to have disclosed the existence of a widespread organization of German spies throughout the country.

Allowing some discount for the spy mania which breaks out now and again in the various countries there is no doubt that the secret service of every country contains many spies who are on the qui vive for military and naval information concerning other Powers, and among these spies women are to be found doing much important work.